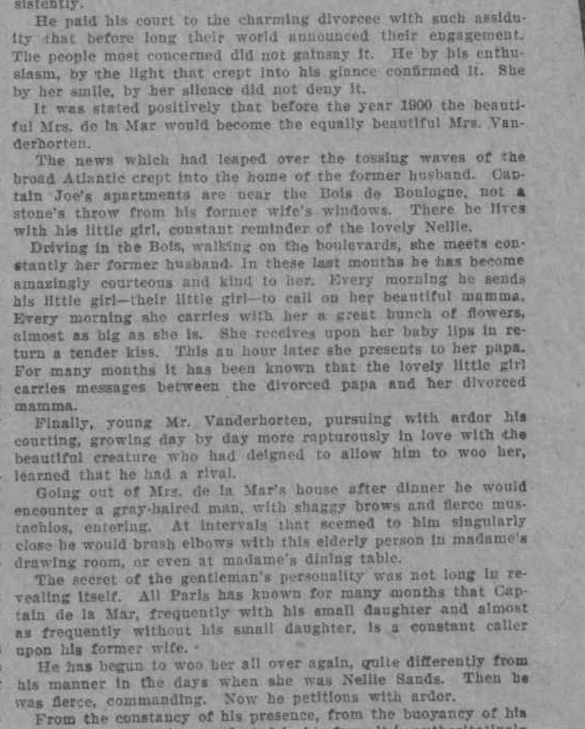
THE ROMANCES OF TWO GREAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AIMEE DUPONT

LOVE BARS THE WAY



The Love Story of Mrs. De la Mar, Whose Fiance Threatens to Shoot Her if She Marries Her Husband Again.

AT the door of a New York business man was laid the charge of separating the beautiful Mrs. de la Mar from Captain Joe, her millionaire jealous husband. Mrs. de la Mar, Mrs. George Law and Sybil Sanderson make up the trio that Frenchmen call the Three American Graces.

The de la Mar estrangement happened a year ago.

The scene has changed with the months. The curtain is up once more. It discloses the Captain, who has fallen in love with his wife all over again.

And she? Well, that's the reason the curtain is up.

Since that memorable divorce other men—a legion of other men—have adored Mrs. de la Mar.

Captain de la Mar's divorce gives them the right. He gnashes his teeth, frowns terribly and vows he will remarry his former wife. But this time the Captain has not to woo an unknown belle, the daughter of a poor druggist.

He has himself made of her who was Nellie Sands a feature, a personage, a millionairess.

He must take the consequences. The field is no longer his—exclusively.

There is another as fierce, as jealous, who disputes the ex-husband's right.

On dit, which means that the very same little bird that gossips on this side the water has a double who is sending cable dispatches from the other side. They say then that a Hollander, named Louis Vanderhorten, rich, handsome, impetuous, daring, is a rival to be feared.

A year ago Captain de la Mar divorced the woman who was his wife because of a bundle of letters in a little bijou of a desk.

He said: "My wife is young, beautiful. She has been flattered. A man has tried to tamper with her affections. Therefore we must part."

She said: "Time will vindicate me. Indiscretions are not evil deeds."

And then after the divorce the world on both sides the Atlantic was aroused by the announcement that the furious Captain had sailed for New York to chastise physically the man who had ruined his happiness.

On the faubourgs and the avenues they waited for the sound of a pistol shot. But none came. The Captain remained in America a few months and then returned to Paris, where he retained the guardianship of their child, a little Aurora, miniature of her exquisite mother.

For many months after the divorce it was whispered with wonder that Mrs. de la Mar was broken hearted, that she really loved her fierce husband, who was many years her senior. The romance of the situation appealed to the Parisians, and they made of the little divorcee a heroine.

She tried to live in seclusion. She wanted to retire and mourn. She thought it unbecoming to be seen in public. She shrank from going out where she might meet her husband. She seemed to grow frail and delicate. Her sorrow made her more beautiful than ever before. She was alone, chaperoned by her mother, in her seclusion, until—

Ah, one could not expect this state of things to go on forever. All Paris rejoiced when at the opera one evening Nellie de la Mar appeared, exquisite, radiant in the grand tier. Her mother sat on one side of her; on the other was a young Southerner, from her own native town of West Virginia.

All last Winter his was the name most prominent among the suitors who crowded to the bidding of Mrs. de la Mar. A thousand times she was reported engaged to him. Every one predicted that before the season's end he would lead her to the altar. But the months wore on and the denouement was postponed. The marriage did not take place.

Rumors and predictions floated about the lovely divorcee as thick as her army of suitors, when suddenly out of their ranks another was singled as most likely to win the prize. A young Hollander had displaced the Virginian.

In her drives, in her walks, at the opera, at the picture galleries, at teas and at dinners Mrs. de la Mar's escort was the handsome, impetuous young Netherlander, Vanderhorten.

Every one said they were admirably matched, these two. She with her gorgeous mass of red hair and sapphire eyes, her petite, rounded figure; he with his stalwart six feet of strength, his shock of sandy hair, his keen blue eyes and muscular frame. He is a man to fight for his rights, bitterly, doggedly, persistently.

He paid his court to the charming divorcee with such assiduity that before long their world announced their engagement. The people most concerned did not gainsay it. He by his enthusiasm, by the light that crept into his glance confirmed it. She by her smile, by her silence did not deny it.

It was stated positively that before the year 1900 the beautiful Mrs. de la Mar would become the equally beautiful Mrs. Vanderhorten.

The news which had leaped over the tossing waves of the broad Atlantic crept into the home of the former husband. Captain Joe's apartments are near the Bois de Boulogne, not a stone's throw from his former wife's windows. There he lives with his little girl, constant reminder of the lovely Nellie.

Driving in the Bois, walking on the boulevards, she meets constantly her former husband. In these last months he has become amazingly courteous and kind to her. Every morning he sends his little girl—their little girl—to call on her beautiful mamma. Every morning she carries with her a great bunch of flowers, almost as big as she is. She receives upon her baby lips in return a tender kiss. This an hour later she presents to her papa. For many months it has been known that the lovely little girl carries messages between the divorced papa and her divorced mamma.

Finally, young Mr. Vanderhorten, pursuing with ardor his courting, growing day by day more rapturously in love with the beautiful creature who had deigned to allow him to woo her, learned that he had a rival.

Going out of Mrs. de la Mar's house after dinner he would encounter a gray-haired man, with shaggy brows and fierce mustachios, entering. At intervals that seemed to him singularly close he would brush elbows with this elderly person in madame's drawing room, or even at madame's dining table.

The secret of the gentleman's personality was not long in revealing itself. All Paris has known for many months that Captain de la Mar, frequently with his small daughter and almost as frequently without his small daughter, is a constant caller upon his former wife.

He has begun to woo her all over again, quite differently from his manner in the days when she was Nellie Sands. Then he was fierce, commanding. Now he petitions with ardor.

From the constancy of his presence, from the buoyancy of his step, from the happiness reflected in his face, it is authoritatively announced that Captain de la Mar's second suit is going to be as successful as the first.

Meanwhile the other suitor, who is no man to be trifled with, the stalwart, loving, broad-shouldered Hollander, vows equally that he is going to win the lovely divorcee for a bride. He has been heard to declare that no man, however powerful, can take her from him. It is said on the boulevards that rather than see the woman he loves remarry the husband who once cast her aside he has threatened to kill her in all the glory of her beauty.

The question of the hour in Paris, more important even than news of the Exposition buildings or the English-American alliance, is how will the beautiful Mrs. de la Mar decide.

Madame's former husband has an advantage beyond even the youth of the Hollander. He has in his care, awarded to him by the courts of France, the little girl whom her mother, after the way of mothers, adores. It is the little girl who first brought the former wife and husband together.

Driving one day in the Bois two carriages approached each other. In one sat Mrs. de la Mar and her mother. In the other were Captain de la Mar and his child. The child jumped up in her seat, crying out, "Mamma! Oh, mamma—mamma!" She held out her dimpled baby arms. The mother became so white in answer that the eyes of the old Captain, under his fierce, straggly brows, softened.

The next day and the day after and every day since the little girl has toddled over to see her mamma.

So the Captain began his second courtship.

Every one predicts he will win, every one who knows Mrs. de la Mar. But no one is yet prepared to answer what will become of the impetuous Hollander and his threat of death.

Human Documents of the Lovely Mrs. De la Mar and Her Jealous Husband.

NOW YOU CAN "TALK CHICKEN."

ONE of the cleverest children's books of the season is undoubtedly "Katootieut," written by C. F. Carter, illustrated by J. M. Conde, and published by R. H. Russell.

The book's queer title is due to the fact that it is a record of the extraordinary adventures that befell a rooster who wanted to be rich—"Katootieut" being the correct chicken pronunciation of the hero's name. The author, C. F. Carter, is a newspaper man, formerly of Chicago, and this is practically the first book he gives to the public.

To any one who is acquainted with the style of revamped twaddle that is frequently inflicted upon helpless children "Katootieut" will come as a decided relief. The author doesn't seem ever to have read any other "child" books, and in consequence there is a freshness in his style that is good to find. "Katootieut" isn't a mixture of Alice in Wonderland, Hans Anderson and Mother Goose. It's original—and very attractive originality at that.

There is another startling innovation in the book. J. M. Conde, who made the illustrations, actually read the story first and made his pictures agree with the text. This daring departure from the recognized tradition of book-illustrators may be refreshing to readers, but it has a more material side. It ought to create a heavy demand for the work on the part of collectors of rare books.

As an example of clever illustrating, too, the artist's work is worth preserving. The fanciful genius of Mr. Carter has created a set of characters, incidents and scenery unlike anything in sea, land or sky, and the picture-making must have been a task. It takes a good deal of an artist to make recognizable portraits of tame thunderbolts and conversational nightmares, but J. M. Conde has done it, and done it well.

Typographically, the book is perfect. It is neither too big nor too little, and it has got a good everyday binding on it that will withstand jam, butter and the other contributions of juvenile readers.

The best way to get an idea of the author's style is to buy or borrow the book, but the headings of some of the chapters are given herewith as a sample:

Chapter 1. Explains some things the reader really ought to know and gets the story nicely under way.

Chapter 2. Is especially recommended to boys, as it contains some useful hints on the formation of stock companies and snowballs.

Chapter 3. Shows that by perseverance one can sometimes accomplish a great deal more than one cares to accomplish.

Chapter 5. Is calculated to create the impression that Mr. Elephant knew a thing or two, if not more.

Chapter 7. Makes things very uncomfortable for some vain creatures.

DUTIES OWED TO CHILDREN.

WHEN psychologists give advice to parents they should always bear in mind that they are talking not to omnipotent beings, but to men and women who have to earn a living, sleep six or eight hours a day, and work for themselves, their neighbors and their country as well as for their children.

Among the many things which the study of the mental and moral development of children can teach us I have picked out one that is tremendously important, that is not always thought of and that is thoroughly practical.

A good mental growth means the possession of knowledge of interests in worthy things, of habits and powers of industry, self-control and sympathy, and finally the possession of high standards of duty, beauty, honor and love.

Such mental growth comes by the widening, putting in good order and refining of our experiences and acts.

Not every parent has the opportunity or the wisdom necessary to do all this, or much of it, but every parent can widen his children's experience. He can widen their social experience by disregarding caste, that is by opposing no barriers, except such as morality demands to their knowledge of other people. The American college, the American town or village life are and have been tremendously helpful to mental development of the opportunity which they give for free intercourse with boys and girls of different sorts.

Every parent can widen his child's knowledge of real things, of the life of business and manufacture. Most parents can widen their children's imagination and ideal life. All parents, again, can widen their children's range of action by teaching them new plays, by varying their tasks.

The best way to be sure of a wide, many-sided mental life for one's children is to live a wide, many-sided life oneself. Children, as we all know, are more likely to do what we do than what we tell them to do. They follow our lead in their interests and ways of looking at things. If mother sees nothing in the woods but the possibility of getting her dress torn, notices nothing in the busy wharf but the unpleasant smell of fish, knows nothing of the other women except the cost of their clothes, her daughter will doubtless be a proper, conventional young lady, but the mother may be sure that she has blocked three of the high roads to her child's mental development.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Most of the mothers here don't let their children play with other children whose faces are not so clean or who don't happen to be quite so good or who live on another street. I say that is wrong.